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so largely advertised like patent medicine, and like it, good for everything and nothing in particular, I DO NOT KEEP IN STOCK. I cannot afford to sell them, as I live too near home. But if desired, I am prepared to furnish any of these cheap Pianos and Organs at eastern prices, save freight, provided I am not held responsible. In connection with this I will state that my Organs contain 5 full octaves of Reeds, to one set, and do not call a single octave of reeds, a full set, as advertised by shoddy makers and dealers.

I sell Pianos and Organs on Monthly and Quarterly Payments; also for cash, with small extra discount. Send for circulars. Address

### J. MUELLER,

No. 103 South Main Street, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

### THE OLD DOMINION.

#### A Noble Type of the Old Virginian-- The Blue Ridge Negro Stationary.

#### The Story of Bull Run.

Manassas (Va.) Correspondence of Chicago Times.

What a new world I have found down in this new land! It is one of the grave faults in our mental makeup that we can see but little beyond our own surroundings. The sky shuts in round about us like a book that is read. We do not see beyond its purple rim. We remember the outside world, only as we saw it last, forgetting that the rest of the world is rushing across; too; that the roar of progress is heard quite beyond the reach of our own ears; that the forge and the furnace, almost around the girdle of the earth, are turning shares into plowshares and spears into pruning hooks.

And do not forget that the world is booming down here, after the fashion just as it is in New York, Boston and London. Many miles remote from any railroad, where I have been spending the past two weeks away up on the Blue Ridge, I found things driving along about as lively as in Oregon or California. The old man here, who has been on the farm of 4,000 acres, on which I found hospitality, has swallowed up many a small home; but it is in the line of progress, and all seem happy, all are certainly quite industrious, content, honest, prosperous. The railroad cars that hug the foothold, are all the time groaning under the load of heavy cattle, hogs, turkeys, chickens, and fruits. Only last week I saw two car-loads of Concord grapes on their way to Washington. The brandy we drank at this old Virginia home was distilled not more than ten miles away.

And with all this material progress let us put it upon record that the Virginian is still the old Virginian. And let us be thankful for that. He, with his solid notions of honor, truth, piety, purity, hospitality, is a good anchor to the nation. This old Virginian, under whose solid mahogany I have had my legs, is building a barn. Every timber in this barn, he had to approve and praise for its solidity and permanence. His head is blossoming near the seventies, but he stumps about and thumps everything with his big oak stick to see that it is "solid! solid! solid!" He is building a stone wall about his thousand of mountain acres, and though he well knows he will never live to see it completed, he lays the foundation deep in the earth; solid! solid! solid! And his character, as well as those of his neighbors seems to be quite as substantial.

At breakfast one morning, a bottle of honey, so-called, was brought upon the table to be spread upon the bread and smoking corn cakes. Well, this "honey" proved to be glucose. This glucose has been poured in upon a "honeycomb" which some Yankee has made by machinery. The good and gray old man had just finished saying grace. But he got up. He struck his fist in the air, and he told you he fairly turned the atmosphere blue. "In France, sah, that glucose's store would be shut up and confiscated in ten minutes, sah! He would be tried for adultery, sah! Yes, sah; the laws of Moses mean just that, sah. It means that you shall not adulterate sugar, or coffee, or tea, or honey, or any of God's gifts to man, sah! Honey! honey! That's the work of honest bees, sah! It's glucose, glucose--stinky, stinking glucose, sah!"

Whatever advance the Virginia negro, made of darker if not coarse clay than ourselves, may make upon the crest and of this continent, in the heart of the Blue Ridge he is stationary as a post. Not one, with a single exception, owns the land on which his neat little whitewashed hut stands in its little patch of corn and potatoes; nor does he aspire to own it. He generally has a cow and a few pigs, many hens, a few turkeys, lots of dogs, and a perfect cloud of merry little children hover about his home; and all are very happy--healthy, too. Of course they are ignorant, and must remain so, even as those of a better class or more favored color, in a sparsely settled region. On Sunday, or tea, or honey, or any of God's gifts to man, sah! Honey! honey! That's the work of honest bees, sah! It's glucose, glucose--stinky, stinking glucose, sah!"

One afternoon, along with a small party, I went hunting for wild turkeys over the vast track of four thousand acres of hill and valley, wood and meadow land. And I am sure we galloped through about fifty orchards, and saw quite as many deserted homes with the once cultivated fields of blue grass, and stones falling back into a state of nature. Now I know it is stated and believed that the owners of these fields fell in the war. Not so. These men pushed over the Blue Ridge long ago. Even as early as the day when the present state of "Illinois Country, State of Virginia," these little mountain homes were being massed together, and resolving themselves into great cattle ranches like this one on which I have just been spending the most delightful days of my life. How many strange, old-new stories one finds down here among these ancient people. And how many curious relics of days "before the war, sah."

In the last month of President Jackson's administration he called in a young artist, whom I am not permitted to name now, to do a miniature of his deceased wife on ivory. This young man was but nineteen, and the old soldier seems to have taken him quite to his heart, from the letters and other things he had preserved. The last few days of Jackson's administration he kept the artist constantly with him, and at work on the miniature. Every hour the hero of New Orleans would come and look over his shoulder in his deep concern about his progress of the work. The room occupied, which was the General's private office at that time, was the one on the right, immediately behind the head of the main staircase. The artist, now of the name of Yerington, and eminent in quite another walk of life--says that in these last few days the President was left quite alone. The flies that buzz about to suck the sweets of office had flown to his successor. The king is dead; long live the king. President Jackson had nothing more to bestow, and so was left in almost entire solitude. The general would not let the artist go away, but kept him at his side in the private office even to the last hour, while he looked over and destroyed his papers. As he came to the last one he glanced at it, let

it fall heavily for a moment, then raised it up, tore it in two and threw it on the floor, where bits of paper already lay many inches deep. Then, springing up, the old man threw his two hands out, bawled from dawn, and said: "Hitherto, thank God! that is the last of it, the very last of it; and now I am going home to spend the remainder of my days at my dear Hermitage." Saying this he walked across the room, took a cob pipe, filled it, and sat down, smoking a long time in silence.

The artist also made at the time a miniature on ivory of Jackson, which he still has in his possession. The face is heavier, fuller, than we are accustomed to see it in steel cuts and paintings. The chin is prominent, massive, almost double; the hair very thick, bristling, and like snow. "Manassas was the last of it," the words rang out strangely to me from the swarthy conductor's lips yesterday as the cars slowed up at a little village in an open and half barren land. There was a memory, a sense of history, a sound of war, a scent of Waterloo color about this name, a roar of cannon, which can never be quite dissociated from "Manassas."

I wonder if the biblical old Manassah, who kept the little wayside inn at Manassas a hundred years ago and gave his name of peace, to the place, was a man of war or a man of peace, or felt the weight of cannon on his shoulders as he bore about this great battle name. This railway station is about thirty miles from a Washington City, through the city of Jackson, which was laid out--and buried, too--during Jackson's administration; also through Alexandria, a storied town, where Washington went to church the first time he was married, and that cherry tree episode. We got a good dinner at Manassas, and hiring a team and driver we set out for the battle field of Bull Run, four miles distant, over the same road which Beauregard travelled to meet McDowell on July 21, 1861.

The trouble now is not what to say but what not to say in a single letter. Briefly, then, the South was massing for battle at this point. You can to this day see miles of earthworks here. Fort Beauregard is still an imposing piece of fortification, earthwork, with peach-trees, pear trees, willows, and in fact all kinds of wild as well as tame woods climbing over it. It is too heavy to level down and restore again to the condition of the plough. But nearly all the other lines and earth forts have quietly surrendered to the husbandman, and, numbering there to-day, the tall corn stands in regiments, flashing its green, bed sabres in the sun.

This first battle of Bull Run stands first in the alphabet of great American battles. Greater battles have been fought hereabouts; a greater battle, indeed, on this same ground. But the first has fastened itself upon us. There is a savage fascination about it which we who lived on that day cannot escape. And yet it was not a rest-day. I saw a young fellow against a lamp-post here at Manassas, not an hour ago, a handsome young Southerner pulling at his moustache. He approached and asked him of the battle. He had been born since it was fought. So you see it was not fought yesterday, this battle of Bull Run, when the stars and stripes shook the earth even to the shores of Oregon. And do you know the North played the air of "Dixie" in this first battle? It is so. The South had not yet learned it, but played "The Girl I Left Behind Me." Let us look in upon this battlefield as we look upon the face of one who we knew well nearly a quarter of a century ago. By a wide, well-kept country road, through corn fields and clumps of oak, chestnut, walnut, hickory, and half a dozen other kinds of scrub trees, some of them badly shot to pieces, we were driven toward the muddy, sluggish, crooked and ugly little stream of Bull Run. In this drive of four miles we met one man on horseback; we passed one man on a horse, and a barefoot negro boy on foot, driving a little flock of sheep. Overhead I saw a single raven, not a bird, not a squirrel, on either hand, but the crickets and grasshoppers in the corn fields and clumps of woods on either side of us chirped and sang incessantly.

At the end of four miles we turned through a gate to the right into a field; crows were scattered here and there around the crescent of the hill; on the crest of the hill stood a long, frame farm house; back of this house a little brown monument to the dead soldier; in front of it, in the door-yard, a gravestone. The house, which formerly stood here, had been torn to splinters during the battle. The lady buried in the grave in the door-yard was killed here. She was the mother of the kind old gentleman who now owns this place. This battlefield was his mother's farm. It is now his and he shows you over it. He was teaching school down at Alexandria at the time his mother was killed here--a school teacher for forty years. He and his sister live in his old gray house together; no one but these two old denizens for many a year about. The peach trees are breaking down under loads of fruit in the heart of the battle-field, a little way down the slope of the hill below the grave in the door-yard. Long strings of fat turkeys tread the tangled grass through the orchard, chasing the grasshoppers. Below this orchard, half a mile away and curving around in a muddy crescent, but hidden by a young growth of trees, creeps Bull Run. On the morning of the battle the broad corn-fields on the other side and away out yonder, miles away over the foot-hills, the Federal layabouts gleamed by the tens of thousands. They were marching for Beauregard's rear, or rather for the Midland line, by which he had come up from the South. He had come out from Manassas, four miles away, to stop this movement, as all the world knows. The North was not to be stopped. Hence the battle here. But this is trenching on history, and we must draw the line. You can see where the South retreated to where stood Jackson "like a stone wall."

Back of this house, where the old schoolmaster lives with his oldest sister, about a hundred yards, and almost at the top of the gently sloping hill, on the outer edge of the barn yard, and against a young growth of pines, is the place where Jackson got down to pray. And here it was he sat on his horse, was wounded, held his men in stubborn line that day, while the storm of battle beat against them, and so won his singular name. On the front of this sloping hill that lies here, between this house and the place where Jackson sat on his horse during the battle, the dead lay thickest when the fight was done. The corn is rank and tall. But I do not see as we saw before, when looking over the field of Waterloo, that the blood of brave men has put any particular mark or vitality upon it. The truth is, if some one did not point out to you all this you would know nothing whatever of the battle of Bull Run. Nature covers up all such scars; time heals the wounds on the breast of our common mother, as well as our own. Wander about here for a week, as I have done, and, save for the little brown-stone monument here, the old earthworks at Manassas and some scattered old trees, you would not know there had ever been any battle here. I have picked one bul-



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let and one button from a soldier's coat; that is all. But on the earthworks near Manassas, under a peach tree, while picking up peaches, I found an Indian arrow-head. Think of it, and follow these two facts: That other battles, what other races had fought for the fields of Virginia ages and ages before?

Not many people come to visit this battle-field. I have seen a thousand at Waterloo for a single visitor here.

The great trench where the dead were buried on this sloping hill immediately under where Stonewall Jackson sat his horse during the battle, is still a trench. This is a sore that refuses to heal. It has become a little drain or rivulet. The bones of the dead were mostly taken away at the close of the war, and this opened the trench anew. This portion of the battle-field is a pasture now. A little line of trees has grown along the banks of this trench. Under these rank young trees a good many sleek-spotted cattle stood yesterday chewing the cud and lazily switching flies. You never hear a sound of any kind around here at all, no coming and going of carriages, as at Waterloo and other great battle-fields of Europe. The trees are turning a little red in the blush of early autumn. There is a hazy gray atmosphere over all here which makes the stillness seem more stifling; weary ghost of the smoke of war. In the corners of the old Virginia worn fence the wild berry grows rank and red, as if dripping with blood. The very earth is red, as if the bosom of earth perpetually for her brave dead who fell in the battle here.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

### COMMERCIAL COUNCIL BLUFFS MARKET.

Wheat--No. 2 spring, 76c; No. 3, 63c; rejected, 50c; good demand.  
Corn--Dealers are paying 31c@32c; rejected corn, Chicago, 40c@45c; new mixed, 43c; white corn, 50c; the receipts of corn are light.  
Hay--40c@60c per ton; 50c per bale.  
Rye--40c; light supply.  
Corn Meal--1 25 per 100 pounds.  
Wood--Good supply; prices at yards, 5 00@6 00.  
Coal--Delivered, hard, 11 00 per ton; soft, 5 50 per ton.  
Butter--Plenty and in fair demand at 25c; creamery, 30c.  
Eggs--Heavily sale at 15c per dozen.  
Lard--Fairbanks, wholesaling at 11c.  
Poultry--Firm; dealers are paying for chickens 16c; live, 2 00 per dozen.  
Vegetables--Potatoes, 50c; onions, 50c; cabbage, 30c@40c per dozen; apples, 3 50@4 00 per barrel.  
Flour--City flour, 1 60@3 40.  
Brooms--2 00@3 00 per doz.  
LIVE STOCK  
Cattle--3 00@3 50; calves, 5 00@7 50.  
Hogs--Market for hogs quiet, as the packing houses are closed; shippers are paying 4 00@4 75.

### A WIFE'S TROUBLE.

For a number of years my wife has been troubled with chronic rheumatism, it being in some part of the body constantly (except perhaps in the very warm-4 weather in summer). Last Christmas contracted a very severe cold, and a diseased condition of the kidney became manifest, which subjected her to excessive suffering, as the symptoms of gravel became more prominent, her urine being colored, accompanied by a very brackish sediment. After trying several remedies without relief, I procured for her a bottle of Hunt's Remedy, which she commenced taking, and before three days had passed she became much better. She continued using the medicine until she had used six bottles, and now she feels entirely cured of both rheumatism and kidney complaint. She believes her present excellent health due solely to the use of Hunt's Remedy.  
WILLIAM C. CLAYBANK.  
Norwich, Conn., May 5, 1888.

### GRATIFYING RESULTS.

Under date of May 14, Mr. E. Thompson, the well-known grocer and provision dealer, of 78 Green street, New Haven, Conn., writes as follows: "Several weeks since I was taken very ill with kidney troubles, and on examination of my urine showed a very diseased condition of my kidneys, and I had also symptoms of a diseased state of my liver. The passing of my urine was accompanied with severe pains in the small of my back and loins, followed by a burning sensation, and after having stood awhile in the vessel, the urine showed a very heavy deposit of a sediment similar to ground brickbat, and, in short, I found that I was in such a diseased condition as to require immediate medical treatment, and as I was anxious to obtain the best and most speedy remedy, I looked and inquired carefully, and became satisfied that Hunt's Remedy was an article of excellent merit, and therefore I concluded to give it a trial, and commenced taking it, and before I had taken one bottle I found such a great improvement that I decided to continue its use, and by taking only two bottles the result has been most gratifying in giving me restored health."  
"I have ordered a supply of Hunt's Remedy for my store, and shall hereafter have it for sale, as I consider it an excellent article for diseases of the liver and kidneys."

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The undersigned are prepared to winter horses with either Double Single or Box Stalls ON REASONABLE TERMS.  
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I have known and watched the use of Swift's Specific for over fifty years, and have never known of a failure to cure Blood Poison when properly taken. I used it on my servants from 1850 to 1860, as did also a number of my neighbors, and in every case that came within my knowledge it effected a cure. In all my life I have never known a remedy that would so fully accomplish what it is recommended to do.  
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### The Great Drug House of Chicago.

We do not hesitate to say that for a year we have sold more of Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) than other Blood Purifiers combined, and with most astonishing results. One gentleman who used half a dozen bottles says it has done him more good than treatment which cost him \$1,000. Another who has used it for a scrofulous affection reports a permanent cure from its use.  
W. VAN SHIAKES, STEVENSON & CO. 51, COOLEWARD.

Will be paid to any Chemist who will find, on analysis of 100 bottles S. S. S., one particle of Mercury, Iodine Potassium, or any mineral substance.  
THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

Write for the little book, which will be mailed free.  
Price: Small size, \$1.00 per bottle. Large size (holding double quantity), \$1.75 a bottle. All druggists sell it.

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